

600

# A New SONG of Moggies Jealousie : Jockies Vindication.

Moggy from Jockey she needs won'd depart,  
Though Jockey be lov'd his Moggy at heart,  
Jockey be wondred at Moggies strange buff,  
But Moggy was jealous, and that was enough.

To the Tune of, You London Lads be merry, Or Woot thou be wilfull still my Joe.

2d Nov. 1652.



Where art thou ganging my Moggy,  
and where art thou ganging my Dove,  
And woot thou go from thy poor Jockey,  
and so dearly that he does love?  
Ganging to fair Edenborough,  
to spir for a Lad that is true;  
And if I return not to morrow,  
then Jockey I bid thee adieu.

How thinkst thou that I can indure,  
to part with thee all a long night?  
When I am not able, thou art sure,  
to have thee once out of my sight:  
'Tis a folly my Jockey to flatter,  
for I must gang where I did tell;  
Or offer to mince up the matter,  
so Jockey I bid thee farewell.

But shall I gang with thee, my fair one;  
and shall I gang with thee my Joe:  
And shall it be welcome my dear one,  
to gang with my Moggy, or no?  
We'll hand in hand trip to the House,  
that stands within ken of the Town;  
And there I will have a carronse,  
and for ever take leave of my Loun.

But what have I done my Moggy,  
that thou art so willing to part  
With poor unfortunate Jockey,  
and break his too loving heart:  
He warrant his heart for a Plack,  
ye'as mere a Man then to rue;

For a thing that ye cannot lack,  
and so lockey I bid thee adieu.

Then must we part, my Jewel,  
and I never see thee no mere?  
And canst thou be so cruel  
to eyn that loves thee so dear?  
And have I not lov'd thee as muckle,  
and have I not shown it as true?  
But I scorn to another to truckle,  
so lockey I bid thee adieu.

Now Heaven preserve my good Woman,  
Ods Bread, she's jealous I trow;  
My Moggy these tyers are not common,  
thy heart has had muckle to do:  
'Tis onely a love-sick mistake,  
that ever can make me untrue;  
But the Parson amends he shall make,  
if you never will bid me adieu.

How willingly I do believe thee,  
and tye thee once more to my heart;  
But if thou again does deceive me,  
for ever, for ever we'll part:  
But I am in hopes that my Jockey,  
will never more prove so untrue:  
But ever be kind to his Moggy,  
nor I bid him adieu.

F I N I S.

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